

**GOLD  
KEY**

**ZORRO**

**12c**

**WALT  
DISNEY'S**

# ZORRO

**Zorro attacks  
a pirate ship  
to recover  
Garcia's  
plundered gold!**





**Pirate's**

**Plunder**

Bernardo's goatee melted  
"Well, Don Diego!"

And his reason—a job for Zorro, as Sergeant Garcia is in trouble and the wealth of the pueblo threatened.



Only Zorro can ride to ouster the sea fox who plans a land attack with his bold pirates.





Walt Disney's

# ZORRO

## "PIRATE'S PLUNDER"

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF SPANISH CALIFORNIA, MANY TYPES OF SHIPS SAILED THE COAST... BUT NONE WAS MORE FEARED THAN THE BENEVOLENT PIRATE SHIP---

ONE SUCH VESSEL DROPPED ANCHOR OFF THE SHORE AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO ONE NIGHT---



"HURRY, CAPTAIN! THE SIGNAL LANTERN HAS BEEN RAISED!"

"ONE MOMENT, SANCHEZ!"



"THE SHIP WILL BE IN YOUR HANDS FOR A FEW DAYS, GARCIA! YOU HAVE EVERYTHING CLEAR?"

"OF COURSE, CAPTAIN!"



"I AM TO TAKE THE SHIP TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLANDS AND WAIT... THEN, IN TWO DAYS, WE ARE TO COME BACK FOR YOU!"

"RIGHT! IF EVERYTHING GOES AS PLANNED, WE WILL SIGNAL YOU BY LANTERN FROM SHORTLY."

Walt Disney's ZORRO, No. 3, August, 1944.

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GOOD LUCK, CAPTAIN! WHEN YOU RETURN, WE WILL HAVE A CELEBRATION TO EL DIABLO, THE BOLDEST PIRATE ON ALL THE SEAS!

YES, INDEED! A GREAT CELEBRATION!

A SHORT TIME LATER.....

WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA, EL DIABLO! I HAVE YOUR HORSES READY!

GOOD! WE WILL RIDE FOR LOS ANGELES AT ONCE! SANCHEZ WILL GO WITH US! HE IS A MASTER SWORDSMAN!



YOU ARE SURE NO ONE KNOWS WE ARE HERE?

NO ONE! BUT THIS IS THE LAST PART OF OUR MISSION, DIABLO! THE RANGERS LIE AHEAD OF US...



A HALF MILLION IN GOLD IS AT STAKE, SERGE... WE WILL NOT FAIL!

THEY WILL NEVER EXPECT EL DIABLO, THE PIRATE TO STEAL FROM THEM ON LAND!



THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT THE PIRATE CAPTAIN AND HIS TWO MEN RIDE HARD ALONG EL CAMINO REAL....

THERE ARE FINE HORSES, CAPTAIN!

I CHOOSE THE BEST, CAPTAIN! WE SHOULD REACH LOS ANGELES BY SUNUP!

THE NEXT MORNING, A FEW MILES FROM THE PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES...



THIS IS MY RANCHO, CAPTAIN!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, CARLO! ONLY A YEAR AGO YOU WERE A PIRATE... TODAY, A WELL-RESPECTED RANCHERO!

I MUST GO NOW TO THE PLAZA! THERE ARE STILL A FEW DETAILS I MUST LEARN TO COMPLETE OUR PLANS! MY RANCHO IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL, CAPTAIN!

GRACIAS! SANCHEZ AND I WILL REST! WE WILL TALK BUSINESS WHEN YOU RETURN!



A SHORT TIME LATER...



BUENOS DIAS, CARLO! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO SEE THE MILITARY?

JUST A FRIENDLY VISIT TO CHAT WITH GARCIA! I MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION, DON DIEGO!



ALSO A FRIENDLY VISIT, CARLO... I, TOO, WAS CHATTING WITH OUR MUTUAL FRIENDS! BUT I AM AFRAID HE IS IN LITTLE MOOD FOR TALK TODAY... HE IS WORRIED!



GARCIA IS ALWAYS WORRIED! GOOD-BYE, SANCHEZ!



DIEGO EXPRESSES HIS THOUGHTS TO HIS RUFE SERVANT, BERNARDO...

THIS IS THE THIRD TIME IN A WEEK THAT CARLO HAS VISITED GARCIA...











AT THAT MOMENT, A MILE AHEAD--

HOW MANY  
LANCEERS DID  
YOU SAY WERE  
ESCORTING  
THE GOLD  
CARLOP?

SIX, CAPTAIN--  
IN ADDITION  
TO SERGEANT  
GARCIA!



WE HAVE WON  
BATTLESS FROM  
MANY MORE  
MEN--I DO NOT  
THINK THIS  
WILL BE TOO  
DIFFICULT!

THE POWDER  
CHARGE WILL  
SCATTER THEM.  
EL PASO OF THE  
REST SHOULD  
BE EASY!



UNAWARE OF THE WAITING MEN,  
GARCIA LEADS HIS ESCORT PARTY  
ALONG THE TRAIL--

WE ARE MAKING  
GOOD TIME! THE  
COMMANDANTE IN  
SAN DIEGO WILL  
CONGRATULATE  
ME FOR THIS!



AHORE THE TRAIL AN EBT FAR  
BEHIND ZORRO FOLLOWS ALERT  
AND READY FOR TROUBLE!

THE PROCESSION APPROACHES  
THE AMBUSH SPOT--

IT'LL BLOW UP  
RIGHT IN FRONT  
OF THEM!



AND SUDDENLY--

LOOK  
OUT!





EL DIABLO SHOUTS A LOUD COMMAND TO THE STUNNED SOLDIERS—



THE FRIGHTENED GARCIA FALLS FOR THE TRICK—



ALERTED BY THE EXPLOSION, ZORRO RIPS DOWN TOWARD THE TROUBLE SPOT.





AFTER HIM  
I KNOW NOW  
THERE ARE NOT  
A HUNDRED  
MEN—ZORRO  
WORKS ALONE!



ZORRO WHIRLS  
HIS HORSE AS HE  
SEES WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED...

GARCIA  
THINKS I  
CAUSED  
THAT  
EXPLOSION!



GARCIA IS A FOOL!  
NOW I MUST SAVE MY  
OWN NECK WHILE HIS  
WAGON IS ROBBED!  
AND I WAS TRYING TO  
HELP HIM!

FASTER!  
WE MUST  
CATCH  
HIM!



AT THE WAGON—

THANKS TO  
THE MASKED ONE,  
OUR JOB IS EVEN  
SIMPLER THAN  
I THOUGHT!  
EASE YOUR  
HANDS!

I WILL DRIVE  
THE WAGON,  
CAPTAIN!



MOMENTS LATER—

GIVE MY REGARDS  
TO GARCIA! TELL  
HIM "THANK YOU" FOR  
KIPING OFF AND LEAVING  
THE GOLD TO EL PASO!



IN THE NEARBY HILLS—

SEARCH THOSE  
CANYONS UP  
AHEAD! I'LL  
KEEP A  
LOOKOUT  
FROM HERE!





"IF RATHER DO IT ALONE  
GARCIA! WITH YOU ALONG  
I'M AFRAID WE'LL  
NEVER GET THEM!"

???



AT A PREARRANGED MEETING PLACE--

"THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT AS WE  
PLANNED, BERNARDO! I MUST  
FOLLOW THE MISSION TRAIL!  
YOU FOLLOW LEISURELY--  
REMEMBER, YOU'RE ON A  
MISSION FOR DON DIEGO!"



"A KEY WAGON  
CANNOT TRAVEL  
TOO FAST! WE  
WILL CATCH UP  
WITH THEM..."



ON THE ROAD NEAR  
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO--

"SANCHEZ  
AND I WILL  
HAVE TO HIDE  
ON THE BEACH  
UNTIL LATER... THE  
SHIP WILL NOT  
ANCHOR TILL LATE  
TONIGHT! YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO DO,  
CARLO?"



"SIR CAPTAIN!  
I WILL DRIVE  
THE WAGON  
SAFELY PAST  
SAN JUAN  
CAPISTRANO..."



"...THERE I WILL DISPOSE OF THE  
WAGON AND THEN RIDE BY HORSE-  
BACK TO MY RANCH-- THAT WAY,  
THEY WILL NEVER KNOW AT WHAT  
POINT WE TRANSFERRED THE GOULD"



TAKING THE RISK, ZORRO RAISES  
HIS BERNARDO TO A STOP...

GOODY BERNARDO  
MY SIGNAL AND  
SIGNALING UP--IT IS  
I HE IS  
SEEN  
WITH ME!

ZORRO SPURS OUT AFTER  
THE FLEEING CARLO...

FASTER  
TORNADO!

ZORRO!  
NOW I AM IN  
REAL TROUBLE!

AS ZORRO CLOSES  
IN, CARLO TURNS TO  
FIRE, BUT SUPPENLY--

FULL UP THE WAGON!

BACK!

I WILL GIVE YOU JUST FIVE  
SECONDS TO TELL ME WHAT  
HAPPENED TO THE  
GOLF! ONE...

TWO...THREE...  
FOUR...

W-WAIT!  
I WILL  
TELL YOU!



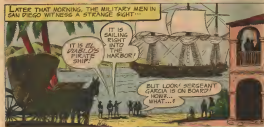












# THE WILD ONES



ONE DAY DON RICARDO, AN ARROGANT SPANISH LANDOWNER IN OLD CALIFORNIA, CONFRONTED WITH HIS TOP HUSSARS...



AND SO THE HERD IS PUT INTO MOTION...







*Don Ricardo is thrown directly into the path of one of the plunging wild animals...*



## THE LOST TREASURE



As Ramon tended a herd of goats near the cliffs, the wind whistled through the tidal caves along the California coastline, setting up a ghostly howl which raised small bumps of anxiety on the small boy's skin.

"What's the matter, Ramon?" the boy's older companion grinned impishly. "Do you imagine you hear the ghosts of the pirates who are supposed to have buried their treasures somewhere in those caves below?"

"No, Juan. I am only cold. The winds are very chilly," Ramon replied to make an excuse for the tremble which took hold of his small body.

Ramon had little liking for the coast on the huge ranches where his family worked. Of all the children of the rancheros, he was perhaps the most fearful of the legend of the ghostly pirates.

"...And, besides," Ramon added, "I don't like it along here because the cliffs are so full of big holes."

"Are you afraid of falling?" Juan teased.

"No...but it is very dangerous here," the small boy insisted as he sat on a boulder to remove a pebble from one of his sandals. "Most of these holes lead down to the caves and it's a long drop."

Then quickly changing the subject, Ramon held up one of his sandals and proudly exclaimed, "Look, Juan! Aren't these beautiful? My mother made them for me. It took her a very long time!"

"Yes, they are very nice," Juan nodded with reluctant envy, moving away to the other side of the flock. He was more than a little jealous of Ramon's sandals, for shoes of any kind were a rare treasure among the workers on the rancheros. But Juan was not fooled by Ramon's attempt to change the subject, and he comforted himself by laughing silently at the young boy's legs.

It was with some surprise that Juan looked up later to see Ramon climbing down into one of the larger holes in the cliff.

"Ramon! What are you doing?" he called.

With only his head showing above the top of the hole, Ramon called to his friend. "I have to go and see if..."

The balance of his words were lost to the shrieking wind from the cave below.

Juan rushed to the hole, fearful that his teasing had goaded Ramon into exploring the hole. For all of his own outward bravery, Juan held his own fear of the caves and had never dared to explore them himself.

He peered into the gloom of the hole, realizing the uselessness of trying to make himself heard above the wind. Ramon was already halfway to the bottom.

Juan stumbled down the cliff and headed for the village to bring help.

When Ramon emerged from the cave, he was amazed to find himself the center of an excited group of people.

"Did you find the pirate gold?"

"Were there any skeletons?"

The questions came so fast that Ramon could not begin to answer them.

"It was very brave of you to go down and explore the caves...all alone," Juan said with respectful admiration.

Suddenly, Ramon realized that Juan apparently had not heard the explanation that he had called out as he descended into the cave. Then, he answered their questions: he had seen no ghosts or skeletons, he had found no gold, but the cave was beautiful.

Reveling in his new-found glory, Ramon felt no wrong in withholding one small secret from his friends. There was no point in spoiling the story of his deed by explaining that he had climbed to the bottom of the hole to recover a sandal which had fallen there. The fear of the accident he would get from his sister if he had lost the shoe had far outweighed his fear of imaginary ghosts at the moment. One thing, for sure, wind and superstition would never make him fearful again.

# *With Character* **Zorro**



## **"GARCIA'S PACKAGE"**

ONE MORNING AT  
THE PUEBLO DE  
LOS ANGELES...









THEN, LATER  
THAT AFTERNOON  
AS THE PATROL  
HEAPS BACK TO  
LOS ANGELES...

IT IS ZORRO!  
QUICK!  
AFTER HIM!



HE WILL NOT GET  
AWAY THIS TIME!  
I FORBID IT!



THIS LOOKS  
LIKE A GOOD  
SPOT TO HIDE!



FOLLOW THAT TRAIL,  
ALREADY I WILL SEARCH  
HERE IN THE ROCKS!



I SWEAR I SAW  
ZORRO RIDE INTO  
THESE ROCKS!  
IF ONLY I  
COULD...







## The Making of a Mission



All of the missions were different in one way, or another, but they had one thing in common—adobe bricks, laboriously and painstakingly made by hand by the Indians who came to the missions to work and learn, were used in their construction.



First, a shallow pit was dug in the ground. Into this hole was placed finely ground clay and water poured over it so that it could be mixed into soft mud.



Next, straw was added, and an Indian would step into the muddy mixture and stomp on it to blend the straw and clay.



Then it was time to pack the contents of the pit into wooden molds and set them out in endless rows to dry in the sun.



When the molds were removed and the bricks were dried and hardened by the hot sun, they were ready to be made into the mission churches with their bell towers rising high into the blue sky.

Twenty-one missions were built in this manner, under the direction of the Spanish Fathers. Arranged in a chain, "a day's ride apart," the missions reached from San Diego to Sonoma, north of San Francisco.

The Indian converts did more than make bricks. They studied at the missions, were educated in language and music and art. They learned how to raise cattle and how to grow fruits and vegetables. The orange groves they tended were forerunners of the giant citrus industry of a future California.

## An Encounter With Bouchard



Years before Koro's encounter with pirates, there were other robbers of the high seas who struck at the towns along California's coast. One of these men was Bouchard, who came from South America to loot and steal. On one such trip he had plans to plunder the Mission Santa Barbara.



As Bouchard's ship sailed into the bay, fear struck Jesse de la Guerra, commander of the presidio. With only a few soldiers to defend the fort, defeat seemed certain.



However, a plan was conceived and put into work. The soldiers marched to a hill above the harbor and began to march around and around the crest of the knoll.



As Bouchard watched from his ship, he counted the soldiers over and over. The numbers grew until the pirate was convinced that a vast army was on the move, and he did not dare to attack the mission.



Under a flag of peace, the pirate and his men came ashore to trade peacefully with de la Guerra. Later, the pirate ship sailed away, the crew feeling that they were lucky not to have met with mishap.

## MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO 62



In the 1770's when the colonies were fighting for their independence from England, the Spanish were engaged in building missions on the West coast to insure Spain's holdings in the new world and to teach the Indians. Father Junipero Serra, a Franciscan friar, was given the task of founding the twenty-one missions... one was the Mission San Juan Capistrano.



In 1776, Father Serra sent workers to begin the mission. A few houses were built and the bells were hung, but the Indians were not friendly and the mission could not begin its work. It was abandoned.



A year later, Father Serra came to rebuild the mission. The bells were dug from the earth where they had been buried, and this time the Indians were glad to see the padre. They wanted to help with the work.



Indian men, women, and children hauled stones from the quarry as others labored to help a stone mason build the church. They worked happily, and when the mission was finished a great celebration was held.



Here, Father Serra befriended the swallows which were driven from the village in by an evil linkeroper. To this day, the birds return each year in March on St. Joseph's Day to build their nests in the mission.